

The Tragedie.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

*Riv.* And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

*Kin.* Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,  
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,  
You haue beene factious one against the other:  
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,  
And what you do, do it vnfaignedly:

*Qu.* Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember  
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.

*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,  
Vpon my part shall be vnuolable.

*Ha.* And so sweare I my Lord.

*Kin.* Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,  
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,  
And make me happie in your vnitie.

*Buc.* When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate  
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue  
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,  
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile  
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,  
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

*Kin.* A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Buc.* And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,  
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.

*Kin.* Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:  
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:  
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,  
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

*Go.* A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,  
Amongst this princely heape, if any here  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

of Richa

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly  
Haue ought committed that  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friend  
Tis death to me to be at enmitie  
I hate it, and desire all good men  
First Madame, I inreat peace  
Which I will purchase with my life  
Of you my noble cousin Buck  
If euer any grudge were lodg'd  
Of you my Lord Rivers, and Lord  
That all without desert haue fr  
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen  
I do not know that English man  
With whom my soule is any i  
More then the infant that is b  
I thanke my God for my hum

*Qu.* A holy day shall this  
I would to God all strifes were  
My soueraigne liege I do beseech  
To take our brother Clarence

*Glo.* Why Madame, haue I  
To be thus scornde in this roy  
Who knowes not that the nob  
You do him iniurie to scorne

*Ri.* Who knowes not he is

*Qu.* All seeing heauen, wh

*Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord

*Dor.* I my good Lord, & ne  
But his red colour hath forsoo

*Kin.* Is Clarence dead? the o

*Glo.* But he (poore soule) b  
And that a winged Mercury dic  
Some tardie cripple bore the o  
That came too lagge to see hin  
God graunt that some lesse nob  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, bu  
Deserue not worse then wretch  
And yet goe currant from susp